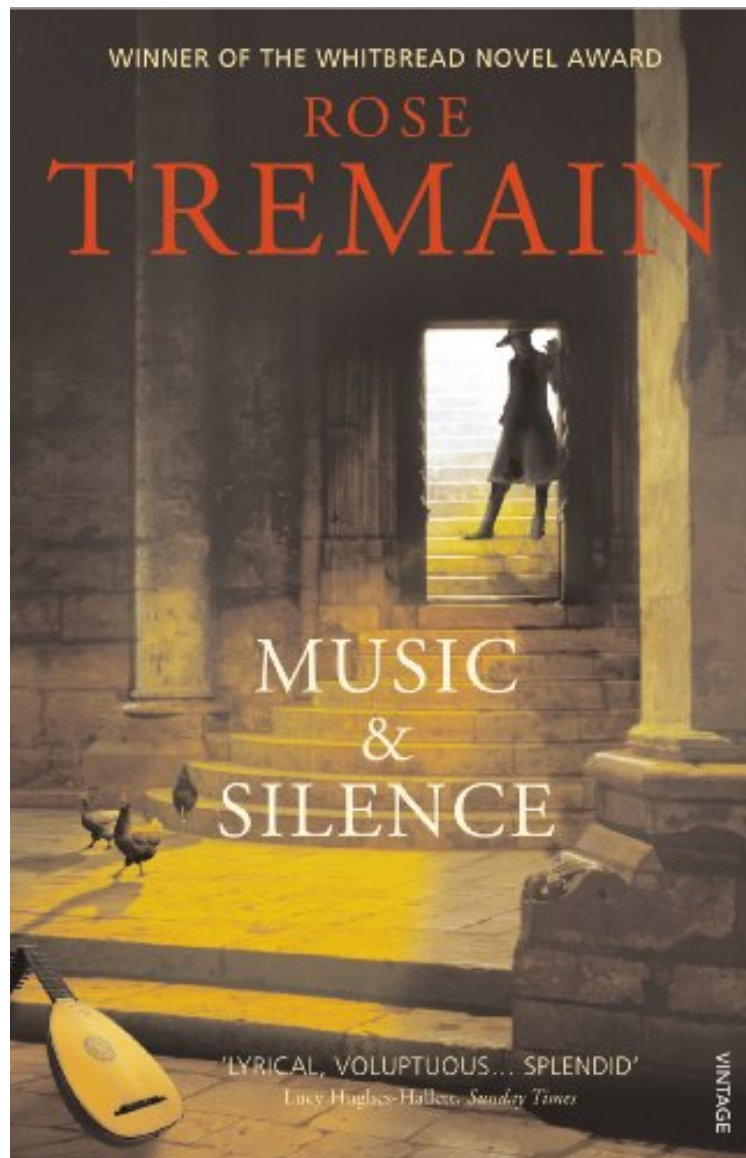


(Free pdf) Music Silence

Music Silence

Von Rose Tremain

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Von Rose Tremain : Music Silence before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Music Silence:

KundenrezensionenHilfreichste Kundenrezensionen3 von 3 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Wonderful novel, sloppy researchVon Ein KundeAs a Dane and a historian I salute a wonderful novel but must point out that whereas the portraits of Christian the 4th and Kirsten Munk are generally based on facts of common

knowledge, the Danish background, particularly when the story moves away from Rosenborg and Kronborg, is not exact. The geography is decidedly strange, not only in Denmark but also as regards Norway and Germany - the battle of Lutter am Barenberge is all wrong. The Danish proper names are peculiar and some of the historical sidefigures are all wrong. The story of Queen Sophia hiding her gold on Kronborg is impossible. It is true that she was very wealthy indeed but she lent a lot of money to king Christian, she lived on Falster on the castle of Nykping, and in 1525 Kronborg had burned and was subsequently rebuilt by Christian so that she could not have hoarded her gold there. Of course, Music Silence is fiction, a work of art and marvellous writing, so the reader should not take the historical background too seriously. Just enjoy the pleasures of the novel and turn to other books for an account of what really happened.

0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Something is rotten in the state of Denmark. Von taking a rest And the stench is the rot that dwells from beginning to end in these fetid blind alleys that are this book. To contend that this is a tale of "The Lute Player" is to suggest that these contrived series of round pegged stories, crammed into square holes somehow results in a book. Believe this, and then believe alchemy surely turns lead into gold. Before you judge this review, or buy the book, read paragraph 3 starting at the 4th line on page 170. If that is not one of the most wretched metaphors that have been put to paper, it is certainly one of the most inept. The topics I list can appear in written form when deftly handled, and be of importance to what is read. However in this collection of flashbacks, flash forwards, and flash "where in blazes are we", and "what is this book trying to say", rest assured that more often than not, this work is filled with vulgar characters and insipid storylines that never resolve themselves. The Caravaggio painting on the cover is a giveaway, for pedophilia shares center stage in this collection of nonsense. Shares only, as incest, child abuse, and the worst racial stereotypes, all fight for preeminent prurience. Relations between consenting adults are cherished and measured by the lingering pain. One target of incest kills, not out of fear, but rather to remain thought of as "the best". When a husband stands at the deathbed of his Wife and reminisces about their life together it is truly touching and beautifully written. I would hate to spoil the poetry that is this event, but the key is the fond remembrance of the dying wife's chamber pot! Now if that brings a tear to the eye this book is for you. Think of this vapid nonsense as one of those canvasses that passes for Modern Art. Let's say a 3-foot by 5-foot panel painted entirely with a paint roller, and then named blue #6. This Authoress would then stand and speak, or even worse, write 480 pages of what this piece of nothing "means", why it is worth hundreds of thousands of dollars, and then dismiss out of hand all the great masters, including the Caravaggio someone chose for this book's cover. I have never rated a book this poorly. This is nothing more than a collection of still-borne short stories, laced with detailed deviant behavior, which is so badly written my only hope is that the paper is able to be recycled. I have generally looked forward to those works that were awarded The Whitbread Award. You could almost be assured the award guaranteed excellence. This is no longer the case. ALL of the professional reviews step very carefully around the landmines that litter this wasteland of paper. "Great Ugliness" is true "Not All The Connections Work" is also true. None of these reviews can come anywhere near what transpires between the covers of this book, because there is no way they could publish them. Those that comprised this year's Whitbread committee owe an apology to previous winners. Not only have they discredited their own Award, they have placed in the midst of previous winners a work deserving of nothing, much less the reader's time.

0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Witty, elegant writing and complex themes Von Lynn Harnett Big and bawdy, hilarious and dark, grotesque and graceful, this winner of Britain's Whitbread Award explores complex themes of love, beauty, power and ego, betrayal, politics, ambition and selfishness. With the intricate structure of a masterful musical piece (like the beautiful air that tragically obsesses one of the minor characters), the story is set in vivid 17th century Denmark and centers around Peter Claire, English lutenist. Arriving in Copenhagen in 1629 to join the Royal Orchestra of King Christian IV, Claire is aghast to discover he will be playing in a cold, dank wine cellar, open to the elements so the wine may breathe. The orchestra's miserable confinement serves the king's ego and ideas of beauty. Through an ingenious system of pipes, the music rises upward without distortion so the disembodied sound appears ghostly or heaven-sent. For Christian, enjoyment without human distraction; for his guests an impressive marvel. Point and counterpoint, other voices rise as Tremain shifts the narrative among characters. Lusty, beautiful, adulterous young Kirsten, the King's consort who will never be queen, trapped by Christian's love for her, determines to drive him to indifference. Her favorite handmaid, Emilia, thrust from her family by her father's lust for his new wife, awakens to Peter's true love. The King, sunk in fear and melancholy over a fortuneteller's prophecy and the collapse of his once lofty ambitions, ruminates over his passion for perfection and the betrayal of his childhood friend. Captivated by Peter's angelic beauty, Christian fastens on the lutenist. Likewise captivated by Emilia's melancholy innocence, Kirsten will not be separated from Emilia. Both use their minions without regard for their own wishes. Peter plays for Christian for the first time: "When the song is over he glances at the King, but the King doesn't move. His wide hands clutch the arms of the chair. From the left side of his dark head falls a long, thin plait of hair, fastened with a pearl. 'In Springtime,' Christian says suddenly, 'Copenhagen used to smell of lilacs and of linden. I do not know where this heavenly scent has gone.' "And in the next moment we meet his Kirsten: "Well, for my thirtieth birthday I have been given a new Looking-glass which I thought I would adore. I thought I would dote upon this new Glass of mine. But there is an error in it, an undoubted fault in its silvering, so that the wicked object makes me look fat. I have sent for a hammer." Lesser characters pursue their own

driving concerns. The Queen mother guards her treasure from her son's grasping needs. A widowed Irish countess pines after Peter and contrives to follow him to Denmark. Peter's family tries to entice him home. Kirsten's mother hatches plots, which will not advance her daughter. Emilia's stepmother's appetites consume her stepsons. A poor town, buoyed by the King's mining plans, suffers, quite literally, from their collapse. As the thwarted desires of Peter and Emilia advance and recede (both of them pawns of their selfishly loving employers) dramas and intrigues swirl around them. Each of the interconnecting subplots are fully developed, with histories, secrets and absorbing characters. Tremain's ("Restoration," "The Way I Found Her") characters, with all their faults and aspirations, connect to the reader through their complex emotional lives. Each (save for Peter and Emilia who are too young and pure of heart) has a dark core. But none are purely villainous. Even monumentally selfish Kirsten, ruled by her passions, occasionally succumbs to momentary tenderness. Or a spontaneous tantrum. At times the narrative swells with the moral force of a fairy tale, other times it gallops along like a classic romance. Always, the beauty of the author's language, its quiet grace and crashing crescendos, draws the reader into a 17th century world alive with people whose human responses are timeless.

Kurzbeschreibung From the author of *The Gustav Sonata* Winner of the Whitbread Novel Award In the year 1629, a young English lutenist named Peter Claire arrives at the Danish Court to join King Christian IV's Royal Orchestra. From the moment when he realises that the musicians perform in a freezing cellar underneath the royal apartments, Peter Claire understands that he's come to a place where the opposing states of light and dark, good and evil, are waging war to the death. Designated the King's 'Angel' because of his good looks, he finds himself falling in love with the young woman who is the companion of the King's adulterous and estranged wife, Kirsten. With his loyalties fatally divided between duty and passion, how can Peter Claire find the path that will realise his hopes and save his soul? Over a million Rose Tremain books sold A writer of exceptional talent ... Tremain is a writer who understands every emotion Independent IThere are few writers out there with the dexterity or emotional intelligence to rival that of the great Rose Tremain Irish Times Tremain has the painterly genius of an Old Master, and she uses it to stunning effect The Times Rose Tremain is one of the very finest British novelists Salman Rushdie Tremain is a writer of exemplary vision and particularity. The fictional world is rendered with extraordinary vividness Marcel Theroux, Guardian. deRose Tremain deserves a hallelujah chorus dedicated to her alone. A decade after the appearance of *Restoration*, with its superb evocation of the British baroque, comes her glorious and enthralling *Music and Silence*. Like the earlier novel, this one is a treasure house of delights--as haunting as it is pleasurable and teeming with real and imagined characters, intrigues, searches, and betrayals. The vivid scenes loop in and out, back and forth, like overlapping and repeated chords in a single, delicious composition. The year is 1629, and King Christian IV of Denmark is living in a limbo of fear for his life and rage over his country's ruin, not to mention his wife's not-so-secret adultery. He consoles himself with impossible dreams and with music, the latter performed by his royal orchestra in a freezing cellar while he listens in his cozy chamber directly above. Music, he hopes, will create the sublime order he craves. The queen, meanwhile, detests nothing more. The duty of assuaging the king's miseries falls to his absurdly handsome English lutenist, Peter Claire, who resigns himself to his (so to speak) underground success: They begin. It seems to Peter Claire as if they are playing only for themselves, as if this is a rehearsal for some future performance in a grand, lighted room. He has to keep reminding himself that the music is being carried, as breath is carried through the body of a wind instrument, through the twisted pipes, and emerging clear and sharp in the Vinterstue, where King Christian is eating his breakfast.... He strives, as always, for perfection and, because he is playing and listening with such fierce concentration, doesn't notice the cold in the cellar as he thought he would, and his fingers feel nimble and supple. Other stories, each of them full of fabulous invention, intertwine with these musical machinations. There is the tale of the king's mother, who hoards her gold in secret; the tormenting memory of his boyhood friend, Bror; and the romance between Peter Claire and the queen's downtrodden maid, Emilia. And while the author paid meticulous mind to her period settings, her take on desire and longing has a very modern intensity to it, as if an ancient score were being performed on a contemporary (and surpassingly elegant) instrument. --Ruth Petrie Rezension *Music and Silence* is a wonderful, joyously noisy book. - Steven Poole, The Guardian She is the best historical novelist of her generation. She evokes the past with sensuality, wit and superb sleights of hand. - A. N. Wilson, Evening Standard The delicacy of this haunting, mythical novel is beautifully complemented by the three-voice narration and the intermittent Dowland and Byrd. It creates the mesmerising, unhappy worlds of Christian IV's Denmark, where his musicians play unseen in chilly cellars, and of crazed Count O'Fingal's Ireland, where he pursues a tune heard in his dream. - Rachel Redford, The Observer Rose Tremain is an even more arresting and atmospheric writer than Zafn, and much better at intricate plots. Her *Music and Silence* is told from three points of view, made more vivid on audio by the use of three narrators: Michael Praed, who projects the eccentric but guilt-haunted King Christian IV of Denmark (1577-1648), Alison Dowling, horrid as his strident, sex-obsessed consort Kirsten, and Clare Wille as the gushingly romantic Francesca, Countess O'Fingal. Linking them all is the lute player Peter Claire (cue apt Naxos lute music by Dowling and Byrd)

and his ill-fated affair with Emilia, Kirsten's companion. - Christina Hardyment, The Times Michael Praed shines in his performance of Tremain's 1995 Whitbread Award-winning novel. His intimate, sensual voice and use of pacing even within sentences adds nuance to each scene. He has a distinct voice for each character, and his variety of accents are believable and without affectation. Especially engaging are the story's central characters: King Christian IV of 17th-century Denmark has the quiet, gravelly voice of age and profound sadness; the lutenist Peter Claire (the central love interest) is very appealing. Clare Wille expertly handles the emotional swings of Christian's childish, scheming and sex-crazed wife, Kirsten. The device of alternating voices becomes somewhat annoying in an abridgment, but the plot line is clear, and lovely 17th-century lute intervals signal omissions. - Publisher's Weekly English lutenist Peter Claire performs in the royal orchestra of King Christian IV's 17th-century Danish court, stirring the hearts of the principal women in this novel. Royal family dynamics are interwoven with love and lust as Claire catches the eye of the king and achieves a far-flung influence on a number of fronts his political clout reaches from a widowed Irish countess of Spanish origins to the workers in the Scandinavian silver mines. Chapters are interspersed with delicate lute chords, and the alternating voices of the readers animate the narrative of each of the main characters. Feminine and breathy, Alison Dowling and Clare Wille give velvety, expressive voices to the female characters' tales. Michael Praed's strong, unaffected speech depicts the intensity and desperation of the characters he portrays. Mortal danger and the prospect of tragedy build as the narrators deliver their spirited array of voices. --A.W. AudioFile 2009 English lutenist Peter Claire performs in the royal orchestra of King Christian IV's 17th-century Danish court, stirring the hearts of the principal women in this novel. Royal family dynamics are interwoven with love and lust as Claire catches the eye of the king and achieves a far-flung influence on a number of fronts his political clout reaches from a widowed Irish countess of Spanish origins to the workers in the Scandinavian silver mines. Chapters are interspersed with delicate lute chords, and the alternating voices of the readers animate the narrative of each of the main characters. Feminine and breathy, Alison Dowling and Clare Wille give velvety, expressive voices to the female characters' tales. Michael Praed's strong, unaffected speech depicts the intensity and desperation of the characters he portrays. Mortal danger and the prospect of tragedy build as the narrators deliver their spirited array of voices. --A.W. AudioFile 2009